



TAYLORS

MOTTO,

Et habeo , Et Careo , Et Curo,
I haue, I Want, I Care.



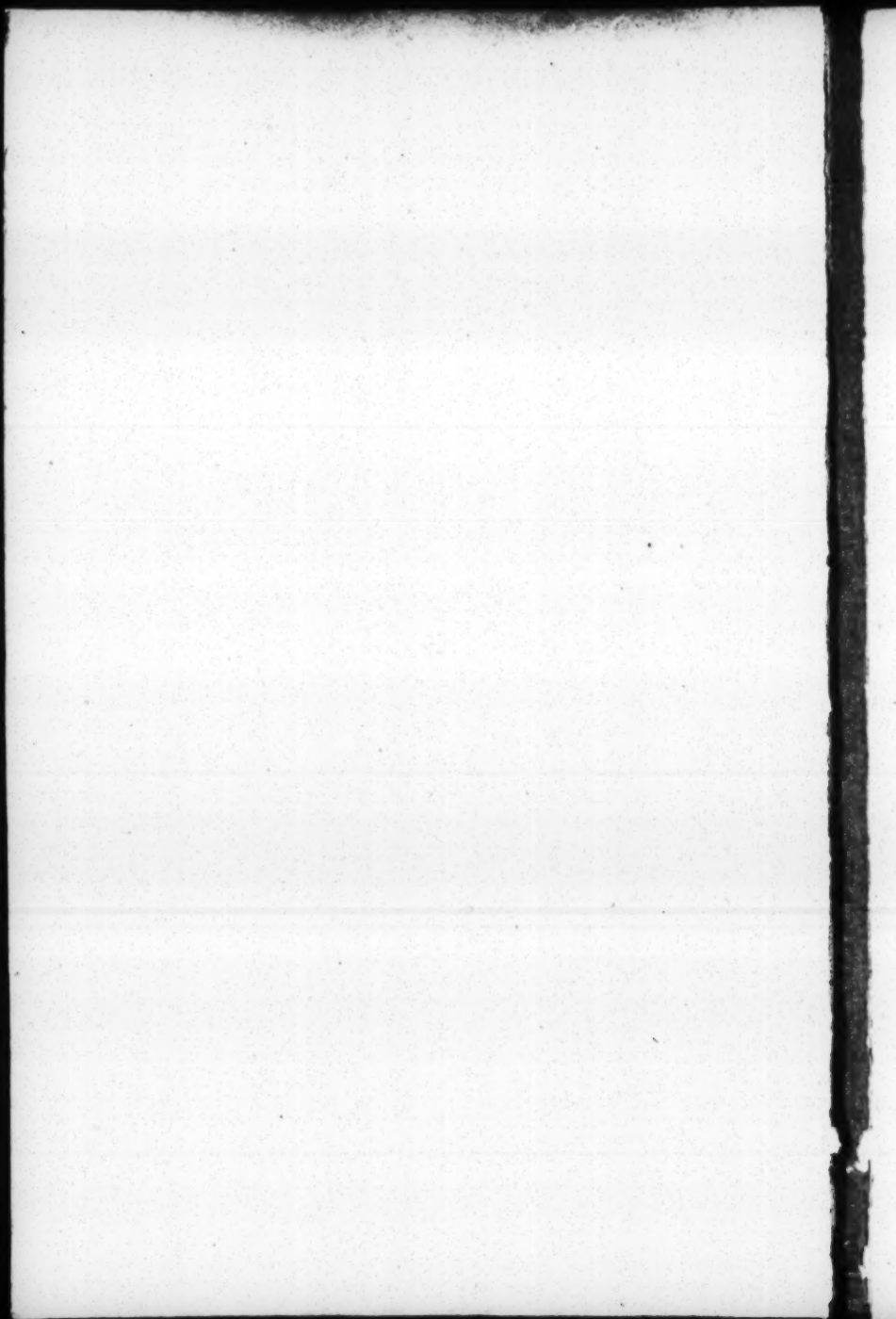
Many man offended? marry gepp
With a horse night cap: doth your iade-
ship skip?

For though you kicke, and fling, and
wince, and spurne,

Yet all your Colts-trickes , shall
not serue your turne.

Vice hath infected you, 'gainst vertues force,
With more diseases then an aged horse:





11/10-1

K. Taylor (I)



TO EVERY BODY.



YET not to euery Reader, doe I write,
But onely vnto such as Can read right:
And with vnpartiall censures, can declare,
As they find things to iudge them as they are.
For in this age of Crittickes, are such store,
That of a B. will make a Battledore.
Swallow downe Camells, & at Gnatts will straine,
Make Mountaines of small Molehills, & againe
Extemuat faultis, or else faultis amplifie,
According as their carping censures fly.
Such are within the Motto of I haue,
But though the gallant Gulls, be ne're so braue:
And in their owne esteeme are deemed wise,

A 3

I haue



K Taylor J




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To euery Body.

I haue a mind, their follies to dispise.
There are some few that wil their iudgement season
With mature vnderstanding, and with reason:
And call a spade a spade, a Sichophant,
A flattering Knaue, and those are those I want.
For those that seeme to reade, and scarce can spell,
who neither point nor keepe their periods well:
who doe a mans inuention so be marter,
So hanging, drawing, and so cut and quartyr,
Making good lines contemptible threed bare,
To keepe my booke from such as those I care.

Aduē. Iohn Taylor.






TAYLORS

MOTTO,

Et habeo , Et Careo , Et Curo,
I haue , I Want , I Care.



Sany man offended? marry gepp
With a horse night cap: doth your iade-
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For though you kicke, and sling, and
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Yet all your Colts-trickes , shall
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Vice hath infected you, gainst vertues force,
With more diseases then an aged horse:



Taylors Motto.

For some of you are hide-bound greedily,
Some haue the yellowes, of false Iellousie,
Some with the staggers, cannot stand vpright,
Some blind with bribes can see to doe no right,
Some founder'd, that to Church they cannot goe,
Broke winded some, corrupted breath doe blow,
Some hoofe bound, some surbated, and some grauel'd,
With traueilling, where they should not haue traueild.
Some are crest false, through th'immoderate vice,
Of gorgeous outfides, smoake and drinke, and dice:
And some are full of Mallanders, and scratches,
The Neckericke, Spauus, Shoulder splat, and Aches,
The Ringbones, Quiterbones, Bors, Botch, & Scab,
And Nauell gall, with coupling of the Drab.
The backe Gall, light Gall, Windgall, shackle Gall,
And last the Spurgall, the worst Gall of all.
A good sound horse, needes not my whip to feare,
For none but iades are wrung i'th withers heere.
And doe these hackneyes thinke to runne on still,
(Without a bit or snaffle,) as they will:
And headstrong prancing, through abuses dash,
And scape without a Satyres yerking lash?
No, they must know the Muses haue the might,
The vnjust iustly to correct and smite,

To

Taylors Motto.

To memorize victorious vertues praise,
To make mens fame or shame, out liue their dayes,
To force iniustice (though it doe looke bigge)
With his owne nailes his cursed graue to digge:
T' emblaze the goodnes of a man that's poore,
And tell the vices of an Emperour.

All this the Muses dares, and will, and can,
Not sparing, fearing, flattrring any man.

And so dare I, (if I iust cause doe see)
To write, from feare, or hate, or flattery free,
Or taxing any in particulere,
But generall at all, is written heere.

For had I meant the Satyre to haue plaid,
In Aquasfortis, I would whips haue layd,
And mixt my ink (to make it sharpe with all)
With sublimare, and Cockatrices gall,
Which, with a Satyres spleene, and fury fierce,
With the least ierke would to the entrailes pierce.

And with a lash that's lustily layd on,
Would strip and whip the world, vnto the bone,
I know that none at me, will spurne or kicke,
Whose consciences no villany doth pricke:
And such as those will in their kennells lye,
And guar, and snarle, and grumble secretly,

But




Taylors Motto.

But with full mouth, they dare not barke or bite,
But fret within, with rancor and despight.
For why (before the world) I make a vowe;
There doth not liue that male, or female now,
Gainst whom I haue so much as is a thought,
Much lesse, against them are my Verses wrought.
This Motto in my head, at first I tooke,
In imitation of a better booke :
And to good mindes I no offence can giue,
To follow good examples, whilst I liue.
For I had rather to abide detraction,
And be an Ape, in any honest action :
Then wilfully, into a fault to runne,
Though it before, had by a King bin done.
I haue not heere reuil'd against my betters,
Which makes me feare no dungeon, bolts, or setters:
For be he neere so great, that doth apply
My lines vnto himselfe, is worse then I.
Smooth is my stile, my methode meane and plaine,
Free from a railing, or inuectiue straine :
In harmelesse fashion heere I doe declare,
Mine owne rich *wants*, poore *riches*, and my *care*,
And therefore at my *wants* let no man grieve,
Except his *charges* will the same relieue :

And






Taylors Motto.

And for my *wealth* (except a rotten Boate)
I neuer fea'd the cutting of my throate.
And those that for my *cares* doe enuy me,
Shall in *them* (if they list) great sharers be.
All my taxations are in generall,
Not any personall, or nationall :
The troubles now in Fraunce, I touch not heere
Nor of the *Britaine* fleet before *Argiers*.
Nor of the forces that the Turke doth bring,
Against the *Poland* Kingdome and their King.
Of Count *Buckoy*, of *Beth'lem Gal'or*, or
Of *Spinnola*, or any *Ambassador*.
Nor Denmarckes King nor of the Emperour,
Nor Netherlands great Nauigable powre.
Nor of Religious points my Muse doth chant,
Of *Romish Catholicke*, or *Protestant* :
Of *Brownist*, *Huffie*, or of *Caluinist*,
Armenian, *Puritan*, or *Familist*,
Nor against Corporation, trade, or Art,
My poore inuentions speakes in any part.
And therefore *Criticke* snarle, and snap, and hang,
If inwardly thou feele my Satyres fange :
Tis wisdom in thee, if thy spleene thou hide,
And mend thy selfe, before thy faults be spide.

Thus





Taylers Motto.


Thus as I boldly haue begun to enter
Couragiously, I'le through the busines venter.


J. Haue.

I *Haue* a Soule, which though it be not good,
'Twas bought at a deere rate, my Sauours Blood :
And though the Deuill continually doe craue it,
Yet he that bought it hath most right to haue it.

I (with my soule) *haue* power to vnderstand,
The summe of my Creators great Command :
And yet *I haue* a Law, within me still,
That doth rebell against his Sacred Will.
But though (through meritt) *I haue* Hell deseru'd,
Through Mercy yet *I haue* a Hea'u'n reseru'd.

I haue a reason, which can difference make
'Twixt good and bad, to choose, and to forsake :
I haue a working, forward, and free will,
Wherewith *I haue* inclyned to doe ill.
I haue a Conscience, which doth tell me true,
That for my finnes the wrath of God is due,
And to relieue that Conscience terrifide,
I haue a Faith, in Iesus Crucifide.






Taylors Motto.


I haue a Iudgement, by the which I see,
And Iudge; how good and bad things different bee:
And with iust Censure, I distinguish can;
The oddes betweene a monster and a man,
But when with iudgement on my selfe I looke,
I straightwayes am with feare and horror strooke:
And finding my afflicted Conscience grudg'd,
I Iudge my selfe, for feare of being iudg'd.


I haue a Knowledge, by the which I knowe,
That all that's good in me, God did bestowe:
And all my thoughts, and wordes, and actions euill,
I haue them (like my neighbors) from the Deuill.
By this my Knowledge, sometimes shall *I haue*,
To knowe an honest man, and knowe a knaue:
To knowe where I fare well, to come againe,
Where Friends for loue, doe onely entertaine.
To knowe that Enuy, Pride and Lechery,
Sloth, Wrath, and Avarice, and Gluttony,
Doth make the world dance Antique in a string,
And all their Followers to confusion bring.
I knowe that griping base Extortion,
As it gets wealth without proportion,
Eu'n so, without proportion, rule or measure,
Shall be consum'd, that most accursed Treasure.



Taylors Motto.

I knowe a swearer, when I heare his Oathes,
I knowe a Gull although he weare good Cloathes,
I knowe a Prodigall, by 's lauish spending,
I knowe a Foole (my selfe) by too much lending.
I knowe *I haue* discharged others Score,
But will (for ought I knowe) doe so no more.
I knowe, that foure and twenty letters teach
All the whole worlds tongues, Languages & speeches.
I knowe that I not any worde can frame,
But in some Language 'tis an Annagram.
And though the world of sundry parts consists,
Yet all the world are Anagramatists.
I know the numbers numberlesse of faces,
That were, are, shall be, at all times, and places,
Are all vnlike each other, for we see
They each from other may distinguish'd be.
I know the difference of these voices are,
Vnlike each other, being neere, or farre.
And that mens seuerall writings are contrary,
And in some things from one another vary,
And by this knowledge *I haue* inward sight,
How that the workes of God are infinite.
I haue credulity, that when I heere
A man auouch a thing, protest and sweare:





Taylors Motto.

I haue giu'n credit to him by and by,
Although the wicked wretch did sweare and lye,
Because *I haue* a hope that want of grace,
Doth not our Makers Image quite deface,
As that a man who hath wit, sence, or reason,
Dares to commit so horrible a treason,
As to call God to witnesse of hts lies,
Thereby to countenance his villanies.
Thus through simplicity, and light beliefe,
I haue belieu'd an arrant whore, or thiefe.
I haue opinion, and haue euer had,
That when I see a stagg'ring drunken swad :
Then that a man worse then an Asse, I see,
Because an Asse will neuer drunken be.
And yet in mine opinion I am bold,
(That friendship and societie to hold)
The merry spending of an idle houre,
To take a cup, or two, or three, or foure,
If soberly the meeting be well ended,
Tis tollerable, and to be commended.
And yet *I haue* my imperfections to,
Which makes me daily doe, as others doe :
For I like (many rich men) now and than,
Make shew to be a very honest man:

But





Taylors Motto.

But strong temptations dog me every houre,
Which to resist *I haue* so little power,
That if (perhaps) I had their meanes, I thinke
I should (as they doe) dice and drab and drinke,
And through infirmity, or wilfulnesse,
Run greedily to Riots vaine excesse;
For Honors changes Manners, wealth and place
Are (oftentimes) temptations to disgrace,
And did some great men cast vp their account,
To what their vaine expences doe amount:
So much for needlesse quartes, so much for smoake,
Payde so much for Eringoes, (to prouoke)
So much for Coach-hire, so much for a whore,
With Item not three halt-pence to the poore.
And who knowes, if I had their meanes, I say
But I should be as very a Knaue as they.
For *I haue* imperfections, and a will
And fraile infirmities, t'atempt what's ill,
That I in no good action cannot stand;
Exept supported by th' Almightyes hand:
I haue a sence, and feeling sympathy,
Of others woe, and want, and miserie:
If one man doth doe good, another bad
I (for t'em both) can be both glad, and sad;

For





Taylors Motto.

For when I see a Great man raised hye,
I haue a sence of his Nobility,
And wish, that all his Actions still may be,
To make him worthy of his dignity.
But when I see that Fortune gioues to frowne,
And from her sickle wheele to cast them downe,
Though their soule faults I hate and doe abhor,
Yet as th'are men, *I haue* a pittie for.
For when a whore is wh p'd, a Bawdie's Cart,
A drunkard in the stockes, for his desert:
An arrant Knaue, or periurde wretch to stand,
And makes the Pillory his falling band;
Or one whose backward Fortune doth preuaile,
To make a bridle of a Horses taile,
With riding Retrograde, in streets proclaime,
On their own backes & breasts, their faults & shame.
When any Villaine for his fault is tortur'd,
A Theife, or Traytor, hang'd, or drawne and quarterd,
As I doe hope for mercy from Abooue,
As they are men they doe my pittie moue,
And I doe grieue the Deuill hath so much power,
Mans Reason, and Aleageance to deuoure:
And that of Grace they layd no faster hold,
But fall into these mischeises manifold.






Taylors Motto.

I haue a Fortune that attends on me,
For neuer will I Fortunes vassall be:
And let her frowne or smile, or hang her selfe,
And giue me either pouerty or pelfe,
Or cast me lowe, or lift me vp on hye,
Yet (spight her teeth) I'll liue vntill I dye.
For all mans outward happines, are things
Ty'ed and bound fast to fickle Fortunes wings:
Which when she list she will alight and stay,
And when her wheele but turns she flies away,
She's bountifull to fooles, and therefore *I*
Haue small share in her liberallity.
On wise men she doth fauours seldome fix,
For wisdom scornes her slights and iugling tricks,
And yet no industry of man aliuie,
(If Fortune frowne, on him) can make him thriue.
For why, so powerfull is the purblind witch,
To raise vp knaues, and make fooles deuilish rich,
To let an Ass on top of all her wheele,
And to kick vertue backward, with her heele,
To raise a Piper, Pander, or a lester,
And therefore hang the hag, I doe detest her.
She hath strange tricks, and workes for diuers ends,
To make a great man haue more kin then friends:

But

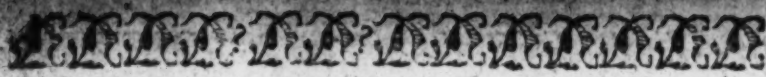




Taylors Motto.

But seldome she this good report doth win,
To make a poore man haue more friends then kin.
A King in's Throne, a generall in the warre,
Places of best command, and reuerence are.
But yet if Fortune frowne on their affaires,
They shalbe rich in nothing but in cares.
Shee's like a *Ianus* with a double face,
To smile and lowre; to grace, and to disgrace;
She lou's and loathes, together at an instant,
And in inconstancy is onely constant.
Vncertaine certaine, neuer loues to setle,
But heere, there, euery where; in dock out nettle.
The man whom all her frownes or fauours spurnes,
Regardeth not her wheele, how oft it turnes.
A wise man knowes she's easier found, then kept
And as she's good, or bad, he doth accept.
He knowes she comes, intending not to stay,
And giu's but what she meanes to take away.
For by discretion it is truely knowne,
Her liberall gifts she holds still as her owne.
And vnto me her bounty hath bin such,
That if she tak't againe *I care* not much.
I haue a loue which I to God doe owe,
With which *I haue* a feare doth in me growe:






Taylors Motto.

I loue him for his goodnes, and I feare,
To anger him, that hath lou'd me so deere;
I feare in loue, as hee's a gracious God,
Nor loue for feare of his reuenging Rod.
And thus a louing feare in me *I haue*,
Like an adopted sonne, not like a slaue.
I haue a King whom I am bound vnto,
To doe him *all the seruice, I can doe*:
To whom when I shall in Alegeance faile,
Let all the Deuills in hell my soule assaile;
If any in his gouernment abide,
In whom foule Treacherous mallice doth recide
'Gainst him, his Royall offspring or his friends;
I wish that Halters may be all their ends.
And those that cannot most vnfaignedly,
Say this, and sweare, as confident as I:
Of what degree so ere, I wish (one houre)
They were in some kind skilfull Hangmans power:
I haue a life was lent me 'fore my birth,
By the great Landlord both of Heau'n and Earth:
But though but one way vnto life is common,
For All that euer yet was borne of woman,
Yet are there many thousand waies for death,
To dispossesse vs, of our lues, and breath.


For





Taylors Motto.

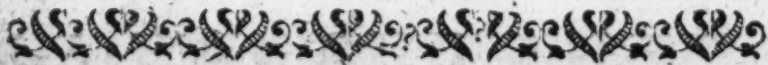
For why the Lord of life, (that life doth make)
Will (as he pleaseth) life both giue and take,
And let me (blamelesse) suffer punishment,
Of losse of goods, or causse the banishment,
Let me be hang'd, or burn'd or stab'd, or drown'd,
All's one to me, so still my Faith keepe sound,
Then let my life be ended, as God will,
This is my minde, and hope shalbe so still:
To get to Heau'n, come thousands deathes together;
Th'are welcome pleasures, if they bring me thither.
I know for certaine all Mortallity,
When it begins to liue, begins to dye;
And when our liues that backe againe we giue,
We euer endlesse then doe dye, or liue.
When good men with long life, 'tis vnderstood
That they would longer liue, to doe more good:
But when a bad man wisheth to liue long,
It is because he faine would doe more wrong,
And this one reason giu's me much content,
Though I shall haue no Marble Monument,
Where my corrupted Carcas may inherit,
With Epitaphs, to blaze my want of merrit,
To wast as much to pollish and be-guild,
As would a charitable Almes-house build.




Taylors Motto.

All which, a gouty Vsurer, or worse,
May haue, and haue'poore peoples heauy curse,
That many times the sencelesse Marble weepes,
Because the execrated corps it keeps.
When the meane space, perhap's the wretched soule,
In flames vnquenchable doth yell and howle.
I haue a hope, that doth my heart refresh,
How e're my soule be sundred, from my flesh:
Although *I haue* no friends to mourne in sacke,
With merry insides, and with outsidés blacke;
Though ne're so poorely they my corps interr,
Without bell, booke or painted Sepulcher,
Although I misse these trifles Transitory,
I haue a hope my soule shall mount to glory.
I haue a veine in Poetry, and can
Set forth a knaue to be an honest man;
I can my Verses in such habit clad,
Tabuse the good, and magnifie the bad.
I can write, (if I list) nor Rime or Reason,
And talke of fellony, and whistle Treason.
And Libell against goodnes (if I would)
And against misery could raile and scould;
Fowle Treachery I could mince out in parts,
Like Vintners pots, halfe pints, and pints, and quarts.

Euen






To euery Body.

Euen so could I, with Libels base abound,
From a graine waight or scruple, to a pound,
With a lowe note I could both say or sing,
As much as would me vnto Newgate bring.
And straining of my voice a little higher,
I could attaine the Fleete at my desire:
A little more aduancing of my note,
I from the Fleete, might to the Gatehouse floate,
Last, aboue *Eels* raising but my power,
I might, in state be mounted to the Tower.
Thus could my Muse (if I would be so base)
Runne carelesse by degrees, into disgrace,
But that for loue of goodnes I forbear,
And not for any seruile slauish feare.
Time seruing vassalls, shall not me applaud,
For making of my Verse a great mans Bawd:
To set a luster, and a flatt'ring glosse,
On a dishonorable lump of drosse;
To flabber or'e a Ladies homely feature,
And set her forth for a most beauteous creature?
Nor shall my free inuention, stoope t'adore,
A fowle diseased, pocky, painted whore.
Rewards or bribes my Muse shall ne're entice,
To wrong faire Vertue, or to honor Vice.



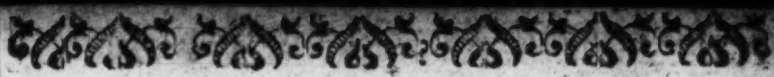


Taylors Motto.

But as my Conscience doth informe me still,
So will I praise the good, condemne the ill.
That man is most to be abhord of men,
Who in his cursed hand dares take a pen,
Or be a meanes to publish at the presse,
Prophaned lines, or obscene beastlines,
Scurillitie, or knowne aparant lyes,
To animate or couer villanies ;
A halter for such Poets, stead of Bayes,
Who make the Muses whores , much worse then
Such Rascalls make the Helliconian well, (*Thayis,*
(In estimation and respect) like hell.
And of all good men iustly are rewarded,
Contemnd and scorn'd like hellhounds, vnregarded.
For Poetry (if it be vsd aright)
Sets forth our Makers mercy, and his might :
For though (through ignorance) it hath some foes,
God may be praisd in Verse, as well as prose.
Poets in Comedies are fit for Kings,
To shew (them Metaphoricall) such things
As is conuenient they should know and heare,
Which none but Poets dare to speake for feare,
A Poet's borne a Poet, and his trade
Is still to make: but Orators, are made.

All





Taylors Motto.

All Arts are taught and learnd, we daily see,
But taught, a Poet neuer yet could be.
And as the Tree is by the fruite well knowne,
So by his writing is a Poet showne;
If he be well dispos'd, hee'le well endite,
If ill incinde, he viciously will write.
And be he good or bad, in his condition,
His Lites will shew his inward disposition,
And to conclude this point, and make an end,
The best amongst them, hath much need to mend.
I haue a tongue, and could both sweare and lye,
(If to such customes, I would it apply.)
But often swearing now and then forswears,
And lying, a mans credit quite out weares;
He trust an arrant Theise to keepe my purse,
As soone as one that loues to sweare and curse:
For can it be that he that takes a vse,
And custome, God in swearing to abuse,
Can it be thought, he will make Conscience then,
To play the false dissembling Knaue with men?
Nor can my supposition euer dreame,
That he who dares his Makers name blasphemae,
But that if Time would but occasions bring,
He would betray his Countrey, and his King.

For





Taylors Motto.

For'tis a Maximm,(no man can conuince)
The man that feares not God,loues not his Prince.
And he that cares not for his soule,I thinke,
Respects not if his Country swim or sinke,
To lying I beare such a hate,that I
Will neuer (wittingly)affirme a lye:
I will not say,but I a lye may say,
But I will not affirme it,any way:
'Tis the maintaining falshoods to be true,
To whom a liers odious name is due.
That all vtruths are falshoods,none denies,
But sure all falshoods cannot be cald lyes.
For *Esops* fables, *Ouids* art-like fictions,
(Although they are 'gainst truth meere contradicti-
Of humane transformations from their kind, (ons,)
Of disputations twixt the Sunne,and winde.
Of fowles,and beasts,and riuers,trees,and stones,
To tell each other of their ioyes or mones,
Of men transform'd to dogs,beares,bulls,swine,apes,
Which shewes that treasons,murders,incests,rapes;
Turns men into worse formes then beastly creatures,
When reason's disposselt by brutish natures.
A fiction,fable,or a harmelesse iest,
I tollerate,but lyes I doe detest.

Th'E.



Taylors Motto.

Th'Egyptians had a Law, that euery lyer,
Sould strait way be beheaded, for their hyre.
But if that Law were executed heere,
Few Petifoggers would be left I feare.
The very Court would forfeit now and than,
Many a complementing Gentleman.
But sure the Citty were the greatest share,
Where lying buyes and sells, a world of ware;
The Countrey somtimes would a head alowe,
In selling Corne, a Horse, a Sow, a Cowe :
And then a headsman would get store of pelfe,
If he could but refraine to lye himselfe.
I haue a memorie like (as I doe find)
A wallet, halfe before, and halfe behind.
In the fore part my neighbours faults I put,
Behind (quite from my sight) mine owne are shut.
Thus partiallity runnes like a streame,
To spy a *Moate*, and not to see a *Beame*.
But when as reason memorie collects,
T'examin, my owne impotent defects,
Then doth it vnto me such things record,
As makes me (almost) of my selfe abhord.
It tells me I was in corruption borne,
And to corruption that I shall returne.



Taylers Motto.

It tell's me that betwixt my birth and this,
I haue done thousand thousand things amisse,
It bids me to remember what I am,
To what place I must goe, and whence I came,
And with these thoughts, when as my minde is high,
I am dejected, through humillity.
And this all great men well remember may,
They are but Honorab'e clods of clay:
O: Reuerend Right Worshipfull graue dust,
And (whence they came) againe they thither must.
I say if foolish females, with faire features,
Would but remember they were Mortall Creatures:
And that as their good Grandames dyde before,
Eu'n so must they and must be seene no more,
And all their gaudy glory be forgot,
Whilst they shall lye, consume, and stinke, and rot.
If these things they would to remembrance call,
Their honied pleasures, would be mix'd with Gall.
And all and euery one their course would bend,
Within themselues, what is amisse to mend.
The memorie, vnto the soule is food,
That thinkes, and saies, & doth the things that's good.
I haue a heart doth like a Monarch raigne,
Who in my *Microcosme*, doth lawes ordaine:

Affections,



Taylors Motto:

Affections, Sences, Passions, Subiects Slaues,
Some like good Courtiers; some like flattering knaues;
With shewe of Verue, hiding of their Vice,
They bring their Lord t'a foolish Paradise.
For when the *heart* thinkes swearing an abuse,
Then Anger saies it is a manly vse,
And when to quare, the minde hath no intent,
Affection saies 'tis honest merriment,
The minde call' Lecherie abomination,
Sence saies 'tis Gentlemanlike recreation,
The minde holds Coucteousnes worse then theft,
Sence calls it Husbandry, and frugall thrift,
Reason delights in liberallity,
Sence counsells it to prodigallity.
And thus these vassells doe their King mislead,
(Whilst Reason seemes to be a sleepe or dead.)
And thus this little Kingdome man doth fade,
With hearing Traytors, when they doe perswade.
I haue experienc, by the which I find,
That some though poore in purse, are rich in minde:
And they that haue of wealth the greatest store,
Are (in content) most miserable poore.
Ther's many a *Mammanist* doth houses keepe,
With lofty Turrets, and with Sellers deepe:

With




Taylors Motto.

With a most stately porch, and spacious hall,
And kitchen, lesse then a Coblers stall.
Where (in two dayes) a poore halfe racke of Mutton,
Proclaimes the Maister of the house, no Glutton.
Where soule bewitching gold in bondage is,
(As may the keepers be, in hells abisse.)
Where waking thoughts, keepes still the mind oppress
And frightfull dreames, makes rest to be vnrest,
And where as feares by night, and doubts by day
Drives happines, and sweet content away.
Much better then is my estate then theirs,
I haue content, and they the golden cares:
I can feed well at home, and soundly sleepe,
And what *I haue* not care to lose or keepe.
I haue consideration, to perceiue,
What's best for me to take, and what to leaue:
When I consider, pleasures past and gone,
Doth adde affliction, to affliction,
Though he that's lowe can very hardly rise,
Yet he that's high, oft falls to miseries.
He that is downe, his fear's already past,
Whilst he that's vp may haue a slippery cast.
I doe consider, that I oft did craue,
Things both from God and men, vnfit to haue:

And






Taylors Motto.

And many times, through inconsiderate wit,
Guifts, giuers and receiuers, are vnfit.
He is a liberall man, that doth deny,
That which will doe the askers iniurie;
There is a bounty, which I will reueale,
That he nere giu's in vaine, that giu's in zeale:
As prodigality, brings want, and woes,
So liberallity, makes friends of foes.
'Tis better for a man his purse to hold,
Then giue to make a begger proud, or bold.
True bounty, is (on earth) a speciall grace,
And hath in heauen prepar'd a glorious place.
For as the Sunne vnto the Moone giu's light,
Which light she giu's againe to vs by night:
So God doth giue his guifts to lib'rall men,
Which they (to men that want) doe giue agen.
But he that giues should straite forget it quite,
What they that take, in memorie should write,
And I accept alike, great guifts, and small,
Onely to me the giuers mind is all.
'Tis a base bounty when a man releiues,
Base prostituted whores, or knaues, or Theiues,
For still the Deuill is bountifull to those,
That vnto verue are inueterate foes.

But






Taylors Motto.

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That vnto vertue are inueterate foes.

But

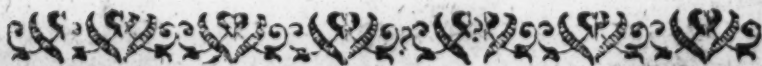




Taylors Motto.

But many hold it for a generous part,
To giue a man that's drunke the 'tother quart:
And in a humor (to haue Drawers trouble)
Throw pottle Pots downe staires, to come vp dubble;
When strait vpon their knees, they all accord,
To drinke a health to some vnworthy Lord:
Some fustie Madam, or some carpet Knight,
'Till they can neither speake, or stand vpright.
Then being all abhominable drunke,
A Gallant drinke a health vnto his Punke:
The which withall ~~Sir~~ Reuerence strait they are,
Inioynd to doe, vpon their knees, all bare.
If any dare deny to pledge the Drab,
Hee's in great danger of a mortall Stab:
For he accounts it worse then blasphemie,
That one should there his Mistris health deny.
Vntill at last, o're charg'd with too much wine,
They wallow in their vomits, worse then swine:
Thus many a beastly rude Barbarian,
Gaines little of a lib'rall Gentleman.
A worthy spirit, a rare Noble sparke,
True bred, a merry Greeke, or man of marke.
A right mad Trojan, a most ex'lent blade,
As bountifull a man as e're God made.

Thus





Taylors Motto.

Thus many an idle fellow gets a name
Of Bountifull, through deedes of sinne and shame.
Indeed hee's liberall, that spends health and wealth,
And precious Time, in drinking others health;
If drop sic Drunkards false to poverty,
Should beg a Pension of his Maiesty,
And in their humble suites would make it knowne,
How drinking of his healths, they lost their owne,
I thinke, his Highnesse iustly would relieue them,
And (for Rewards) to each a Halter giue them.
But is't not strange, that man so mad should be,
Idolatrous, bare-headed on his knee,
Bow and fall downe vnto an absent Whore,
As th' only Saint (or deuill) he doth adore?
But e're hee'le kneele vnto his God, to craue
For mercy, his infected soule to saue:
Before hee'le beg Gods pardon for his crimes,
He sweares him ore and ore a hundred times,
And takes it for a Gentlemanlike grace,
To spit his venome 'gainst his Makers face,
And with his Othes, as false as black is white,
God dam him, or renounce, or sinke him quite:
Refuse him (or if not refuse) for sake him,
And now and then sweares, Then the Diuell take him.

C

Thus





Taylors Motto.

Thus he in ordinar y talke affords,
'Mongst (truth & lies) more othes then other words,
These are the bounteous youths I care not for,
And these *I haue* a heart that doth abhor.
From a rich knaue of worshipfull degree,
I haue a mind to spare my cap and knee:
To a good man thar's honest, poore and wise,
I haue a heart that my affection ties.
Some sixteene times I on the Seas haue beene,
In *Spaine* and *Germany* both out and in,
At *Cales*, at *Ostend*, *Prague*, and many a where,
And yet I doe thanke God, Cham here, Cham here.
I haue a Wife which I was wont to praise,
But that was in my yonger wooing dayes:
And though shee's neither Shrew nor Sheepe (I vow
With Iustice) I cannot dispraise her now.
She hath an Instrument (that's euer strung,
To exercise my patience on) her tongue.
But past all question, and beyond all doubt,
Shee'l ne're infect my forehead with the Gout.
A married man (some say) ha's two dayes gladnesse,
And all his life else, is a lingring sadnesse:
The one dayes mirth is when he first is married,
The other's when his wife's to burying carried.

One






Taylors Motto,

One *I haue* had, should I the other see,
It could not be a day of mirth to me.
For I (as many haue) when I did woo,
My selfe (in tying fast) did not vndoo:
But *I haue* by my long experience found,
I had beene yndone, had I not beene bound.
I haue my bonds of marriage long enioy'd,
And do not wish my obligation voyd.
I haue a house where I doe eate and sleepe,
But bread nor meate, or drinke in it (I keepe)
For many Lords, and great men keepe good meate,
But I spend mine, to make good fellowes eate.
And though no Turrets doe my house bedeck,
There one may breake his fast, before his neck.
I haue a trade, much like an *Alchemist*,
That oftentimes by extraction, if I list,
With sweating labour at a wooden Ore,
Ile get the coyn'd refined silver Ore.
Which I count better then the sharking tricks,
Of cuz'ning Tradsmen, or rich Politikes,
Or any proud foole, ne're so proud or wise,
That doth my needefull honest trade despise.
I haue some troubles, by the which I know,
How flattering friends doe ebbe, and foes doe flow:






Taylors Motto.

Prosperity increaseth friendship much,
But aduerse Fortune tries them with the tutch.
By troubles, and by crosses I gaine wit,
When dayly pleasures doe diminish it.
Thus (by his power that All-sufficient is)
I haue had time and power to write all this:
And *I haue* hope that He the time will grant,
That I may tell of some things that I want.
The Motto of *I haue* is large and wide,
Which largely heere, I could haue amply fide,
For *I haue* Ioy, and Loue, and Comforts heere,
And *I haue* folly, sorrow, doubt and feare;
I haue (in part) my frailty heere reueal'd,
I haue some Vices which *I haue* conceal'd.
I haue done as *I haue*, then if *I haue*
But pleas'd my friends, *I haue* gain'd what I craue.
Yet my, *I haue*, as great is euery iot,
And as small too as any mans *haue* not.

Et



Taylors Motto.

Et Careo, I want.

STrange is the penance of *my* humble Muse,
That must tell what *I want* without excuse,
What man (without much torture) would confesse
His *want*, his beggery, and guiltinesse;
But that the World would thinke him to be mad,
Or that he very small discretion had?
Yet (at this time) it is my fatall lot,
To tell *I want*, what other men *want* not.
And therefore to declare my *wants* most plaine
I want a bragging or a boasting vaine;
In words or writing, any wayes to frame,
To make my selfe seeme better then I am.
I want faire vertue to direct my course,
And stand against the shock of vices force;
And (of my selfe) I no way can resist,
Gainst Hell, the World, the Flesh, or Antichrist;
For ought I know, *I want* a courage stout,
Afflictions and temptations to keepe out
And I doe feare should time of triall come,
My constancy would bide no Martyrdome.

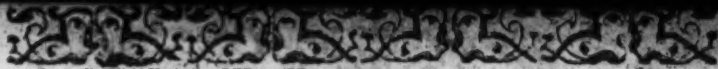


Taylors Motto.

But to helpe what *I want*, *I want* despaire,
And hope supplies my *want* in all my *care*.
And as *I want* that bold-fac'd impudence,
As may giue iust occasion of offence:
So do *I want* base flattery with my pen,
To sooth my selfe, or to taxe other men.
I doe *want* goodnesse: for I cleerely see,
All good I doe or say, is not from me.
And amongst all the benefits I craue,
Goodnesse *I want*, and goodnesse I would haue:
A man may seeme too iust, too full of wit,
But to be too good, neuer man was yet.
He that is great, is not made good thereby,
But he that's good, is great continually.
Thus great and good, together's rare and scant,
Whilst I no greatnesse haue, all goodnesse *want*.
I do *want* wit t'inuent, conceiue and write,
To moue my selfe or others to delight:
But what a good wit is, I partly know,
Which (as I can) I will define and shew.
Wit is the off-spring of a working braine,
That will be labouring, though it be in vaine:
'Tis call'd the Mother wit, by which I find,
Shce's of the bearing, breeding, femall-kind.


And





Taylors Motto:


And some haue of their mothers wit such store,
That in their fathers wisdom they are poore.
A good wit is a vertue that excells,
And is the house where vnderstanding dwells:
With whom the minde, the memory and sense,
And reason keepe continuall residence:
For why, if Reason chance to bee away,
Wit, (like a Colt) breaks loose and runnes astray.
There's many that haue got their wealth by wit:
But neuer wealth had power to purchase it.
Rich fooles, and witty beggers euery where,
Are the third part of Mankinde very neere.
And little friendship doth blinde Fortune grant
To me; for wit and mony both *I want*.
Yet for mine eares price I could vndertake
To buy as much as would a Lybell make:
Or I could haue as much, as fits these times
With worthlesse Iests, or beastly scuruy Rimes:
To serue some Lord, and be a man of note,
Or weare a garded vnregarded Coate.
Wit for a foole I thinke enough I haue;
But *I want* wit to play the crafty knaue:
And then the Prouerbe I should finely fit,
In playing of the foole, for want of wit.




Taylors Motto.

To *Archie* (at the Court) Ile make a iauunt,
For he can teach me any thing *I want*,
And he will teach me for a slender fee,
A foolish knaue, or knauish foole to bee.
Garret growes old and honest, and withall,
His skill in knauish fooling is but small:
The Knight o' th Sunne can caper, dance and leape,
And make a man small sport exceeding cheape.
In the old time a wiseman was a foole,
That had compar'd himselfe with great *Otoole*:
But his good dayes are past, hee's downe the winde,
In both his eyes and vnderstanding blinde.
But holla holla Muse, come back againe,
I was halfe ravisht with a fooling vaine:
And, if I had gone forward with full speede,
I'de plaid the foole for *want* of wit indeede.
As Frogs in muddy ditches vse to breede,
So ther's a wit that doth from Wine proceede:
And some do whet their wits so much thereon,
Till all the sharpenesse and the Steele is gone;
With nothing left but back, the edge gone quite,
Like an old Cat, can neither scratch nor bite.
The wit *I want*, I haue, yet yeelds no profit,
Because a foole hath still the keeping of it.

Which






Taylors Motto.

Which had it in a Wisemans head beene planted,
I should not now *want* what I long haue *wanted*;
I want that vndermining policy;
To purchase wealth with foule dishonesty:
And I do *want*, and still shall *want*, I hope,
Such actions as may well deserue a Rope.
I want a mind, bad company to haunt,
Which if I doe, it seemes I foresight *want*.
I want a Kingdome and a Crowne to weare,
And with that *want*, *I want* a world of care:
But might I be a King, I would refuse it,
Because I doe *want* wisedomes how to vse it.
When an vnworthy man obtaines the same,
Hee's raiz'd to high preferment for his shame:
For why, the office of a King is such,
And of such reuerence as I dare not tutch:
Like to the Thunder, is his voice exprest,
His Maiesty, as lightning from the East,
And though he *want* the art of making breath,
Hee's like a Demy-god, of life and death.
And as Kings (before God) are all but men,
So before men, they all are gods agen.
Hee's a good King, whose vertues are approu'd,
Fear'd for his Iustice, for his mercy lou'd:

Who



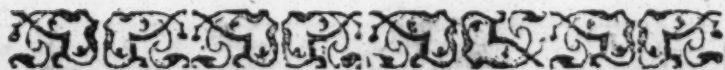



Taylors Motto.

Who patternes all his Royall dignity,
By the iust rule of Heauens high Maiesty.
Who can distribute (to good mens content) .
Reward for vertue, vices punishment,
Who loues a poore mans goodnesse, and doth hate
All soule corruption in a man of State,
Combin'd in loue with Princes neere and farre,
Most affable in peace, powerfull in warre:
And aboue all, religious, full of zeale,
To guard the Church, & guide the Common weale.
And though such Kings as this hath seldome beene;
Yet such a King as this I oft haue scene.
And as *I want* a Regall power and fame,
I want Reuenues to maintaine the same :
I thinke a King that's made of Ginger-bread
His Subiects would obey him with more dread:
And any knaue that could but kisse his Claw,
And make a leg, would make me but Iack-Daw.
And as the Swallow all the Summer staves,
And when the winter comes, hee flies his wayes:
So flatterers would adore my happinesse,
And take their flight, and leaue me in distresse.
To praise my vices, all the swarme of them
Would flocke, and all my vertues would condemne.

Much

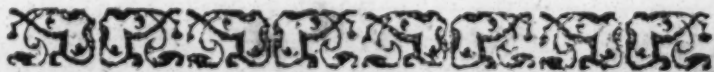
I should
beloeue
all were
Gold that
glisters,





Taylors Motto.

Much worse then Rauens is their flattery,
For Rauens eate not men vntill they dye:
But so a flatt'ring knaue may get and thriue,
Hee dayly will deuoure a man aliuē.
Besides, the body only feeds the Fowle:
But flattery oft consuues both body and soule.
For like to trencher-Flies they euer proue,
Who still wait more for lucre then for loue.
Thus, though I want a Kingly power Royall,
'Tis 'gainst my wil to *want* will to be loyall.
And if that any King aliuē there bee
That willingly would change estates with mee,
I in my bargaine should haue gold for brasse,
And hee would bee accounted but an Assē.
For any Kings estate, bee't ne're so bad,
To change it with *John Taylor*, were starke mad,
A King of Clubs keepes subiects in more awe:
For he commands his Knaue (except at Maw)
A King of Spades hath more wit in his pate,
To delue into the secrets of his state:
The King of Diamonds is too rich and wise,
To change his pleasures for my miseries.
And for the King of Hearts, hee's so belou'd,
That to exchange with me, hee'le ne're be mou'd,
For






Taylors Motto.

For I am full offeares and dangerous doubts;
And poorer farre then is a King of Clouts:
I therefore will a Subiect still remaine,
And learne to serue that am vnfit to reigne.
I want ten millions of good coyned gold,
And with that ~~want~~, *want* troubles manifold:
But if I had so much, what man can tell,
But that I should *want* grace to vse it well?
Within the walles and skirts of *Troynouant*,
Many that haue most goods, most goodnesse *want*:
For Charity and Riches seldome can
Haue both possession in a wealthy man.
Foolles that are rich with multitudes of Pieces,
Are like poore simple sheepe with golden fleeces;
A knaue, that for his wealth doth worship ger,
Is like the Diuell that is a cock-horse set.
For money hath this nature in it still,
Slave to the goodman, maister to the ill.
The Couetous amidst his store is poore,
The minde content is rich, and seeks no more.
Who couets most, hath least; who couets least,
Hath most; for why, sufficient is a feast.
Wealth vnto mischiefes might my minde inchant,
And therefore tis much good for me *I want*.

1

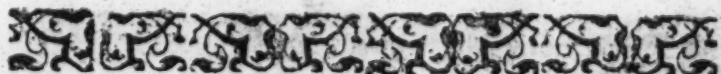




Taylors Motto.

I want a Sonne and Heyre, and I perceiue,
That he no Portion could from me receiue;
Vnlesse I could bequeath him Poetry,
To adde more pouerty to pouerty :
But as I doe *want* Children, *I want* care,
And iealousie, in which some Fathers are:
For many of them rake and toyle (God wot)
To gather wealth for Heyres they ne're begot:
And run to Hell (through mischiefes) greedily.
For other mens misgotten Bastardy.
The greatest females vnderneath the skye,
Are but fraile vessels of mortality:
And if that Grace and Vertue be away,
Ther's Honour's shame, and Chastitie's decay:
For, if inconstancie doth keepe the dore,
Lust enters, and my Lady proues a Whore:
And so a Bastard to the World may come,
Perhaps begotten by some stable Groom:
Whom the fork-headed, her coynuted Knight
May play and dandle with, with great delight,
And thus by one base misbegotten sonne,
Gentility in a wrong line may run :
And thus foule lust to worship may prefer
The mungrell Issue of a Fruterer,

Or





Taylors Motto.


Oryeoman of the Bottles it may bee,
 Or some ynmannerd rascall worse then hee,
 And though the Stripling vp in yeares doth grow,
 He shall want wit his father how to know:
 But hee shall know one that will father him,
 And with good bringing vp maintaine him trim;
 And loues him with affection, as he were
 His owne most naturall *Primogeniter*.
 The old Knight dyes and freely giues him all,
 And he being growne a Gallant faire and tall,
 If with his curled wealth hee purchase can,
 To wed the Daughter of some Nobleman,
 And being thus ennobled much thereby,
 Through his Alliance with Nobility;
 Hee may in time possesse an honour'd state,
 Which God doth curse, and all good people hate;
 Then shall bee search'd, if possible it be,
 Before *Cams* birth, to finde his Petigree:
 Then is some famous coate of Armes contriu'd,
 From many worthy families deriu'd.
 And thus may Lust & Wealth raise many a Clowne,
 To Reputation, and to high Renowne.
 Thus many good men are deceiu'd (perhaps)
 In bowing of their knees, and doffing Caps,

And



n my En-
 lish La-
 ne Ri-
 ard Sma-
 y, I finde
 r coynd
 his wor-
 ay word.

he He-
 lds of
 is Of-
 e dwell
 Nullibi.



Taylors Motto.

And courteously commit Idolatry,
To a proud branch of Lust and Lechery.
For my part, *I want* meanes to gull men so,
I may be gull'd with others goodly show.
If any finde my Children meate or cloth,
I got them in my sleepe, He take mine oth,
I cannot be deceiued in my Heyres,
As some that are my betters may in theirs,
And as no Bastards my free minde perplexeth,
So *I want* Iealousie which some men vexeth.
Should thousand such as *Hercules* combine,
T'inspire with Iealousie this brest of mine;
Nor all the Goatish foule luxurious brood,
Could not possesse me with that frantike moode,
Shee that I haue I know her continence,
And shee as well doth know my confidence;
And yet, for ought you know, both she and I
May want both honesty and Iealousie:
Though of our selues our knowledge is but small;
Yet somewhat we doe know, and God knowes all.
The man, whose wife will be a whore indeed,
His Iealousie stands but in little steed:
Nor can bolts, locks or walls of brasse suffice
Briareus hundred hands nor *Argos* eyes;

Nor



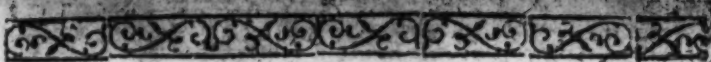


Taylors Motto.

Nor all the wit in man or Devils pate,
Can alter any mans allotted fate:
For if a Woman be to lewdnesse giuen,
And is not guided with the grace of Heauen;
Shee will finde opportunity and time,
In spight of watch or ward to doe the Crime:
But if she bee with heavenly blessings grac't,
As outward beautifull, and inward chaste;
Then may foule iealousie and false suspicion
Against her nature alter her condition,
From good to bad, from bad to naught, and worse,
And turne her vertues to a vicious course.
For nothing can an honest minde infect,
So soone as iealousie and false suspect:
And this foule Furie many times hath wrought,
To make the bad worse, and the good stark naught:
But neuer yet by it (as I could heare)
The good or bad, one jot the better were:
And therefore be my wife, or good, or ill,
I iealousie doe *want*, and *want* it will.
I want dissimulation to appeare,
A friend to those to whom I hatred beare:
I want the knowledge of the thriving Art,
A holy outside and a hollow heart:

But






Taylors Motto.

But as I am, the same Ile euer seeme,
Not worse, or better, in mine owne esteeme,
For what attire so e're my corps doth hide,
Or whether I doe goe on foote or ride:
Or were I with the Kings high fauour grac'd,
Or at a great Lords boord, at dinner plac'd,
And should I haue all this, I were no more
But a poore Waterman, that at his Oare
Doth (for a liuing) labour, tug, and pull,
And carries both the Gallant and the gull.
How euer others doe esteeme of me,
Yet as I am, I know my selfe to be.
If I doe chance to be in company,
Well welcom'd, amongst true Gentility,
I know in them it is a courteous part,
And that in me it can be no desert.

I want that high esteemed excellence
Of fustian, or mockado Eloquence:
To flourish o're, or bumbast out my stile,
To make such as not vnderstand me smile;
Yet I with *Non-sense* could contingerate,
With Cataphiscoes Terragrophicate,
And make my selfe admir'd immediately,
Of such as vnderstand no more then I.

D

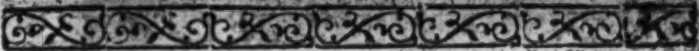
Besides,





Taylors Motto.

Besides, *I want* the knowledge and the skill,
How these my lines may passe now well or ill :
For as a learned Poet lately writ
With a comparifon, comparing fit
Mens writings and inuentions like to Cheese,
Which with some stomachs very well agrees ;
Some loue it, and some cannot well digest it,
Some care not for it, and some quite detest it :
And so my lines to sundry hands may come,
Some pleasing, and disp'easing vnto some.
One likes it well, and very well commends it,
A second sweares 'tis naught, and madly rends it,
A third cries mew, and scrues his iawes awry,
And in a scornefull humour layes it by :
Thus some like all, some somewhat, & some nothing
And one mans liking is anothers loathing.
I want hope to please all men where I come,
I want despaire, and hope I shall please some;
I want ingratitude to friends, *I want*
A willing mind, (what's written) to recant :
I want 'gainst any man peculiar spite,
I want a selfe-loue vnto what I write :
I want some friends that would my *want* supply,
I want some foes that would my patience trye.



Taylors Motto.

If all things that *I want* I here should tell,
To a large volume then my booke would swell;
For though my selfe my wants doe boldly beare,
My wants of such great waight, and number are,
That sure the burden of the things *I want*,
Would breake the backe of any Elephant.

Et Curo. I Care.

I *Care* to thinke vpon the Theame I write,
For *Care* is *carefull*, yeelding no delight :
And though *Care* flowes like a continuall stream,
Yet *Care* is but a very barren Theame.

Vpon *I care not*, my swift Muse could iog,
Like to an Irish Lackey o're a bog ;
But my poore wit must worke vpon *I care*,
Which is a subiect (like my wit) most bare.

I care to keepe my wife in that degree
As that she alwayes might my equall be :
And *I doe care*, and at all times endeuer,
That she to haue the mastership shall neuer,

Taylors Motto.

ICare, and so must all that mortall are;
For from our births, vnto our graues, our *care*
Attends on vs, in number like our sinnes,
And sticks vnto vs close, as is our skins:

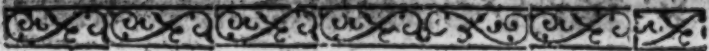
* Learned
latine lads
tel me that
Cura comes
neere *Cura*-
ro.
For the true Anagram of * *Care is Race*, (place,
Which shewes, that whilst we on the earth haue
So many miseries doe vs insnare,
That all our life is but a *Race* of *Care*;
And when I call my life vnto account,
To such great numbers doe my *Cares* amount,
That *Cares* on *Cares* my mind so much doe laie,
As I of (nothing else but) *Cares* were made.
When I conceiue I am besieged round,
With enemies that would my soule confound,
As is the Flesh, the World and ghostly Fiends,
How (seuerally) their force or flattery bends,
To driue me to Presumption or despaire,
T'auoid temptations I am full of *care*.
When I consider what my God hath done
For me, and how his grace I daily skūn:
And how my sinnes (for ought I know) are more
Then Stars in skye, or Sands vpon the shore,
Or wither'd leaues that Autumne tumbles downe,
And that sinnes leprosie hath ouergrowne

My



Taylors Motto.

My miserable selfe from head to heele,
Then hopefull feares, and fearefull *cares* I feele.
When I doe see a man that conscience makes
Of what he speakes, or doth, or vndertakes;
That neither will dissemble, lye, or sweare,
To haue the loue of such a man *I care*.
I care when I doe see a Prodigall
(On whom a faire estate did lately fall)
When as is spent his credit and his chink,
And he quite wasted to a snuffe doth stink,
Who in the Spring, or Summer of his Pride,
Was worship'd, honor'd, almost deifi'd:
And (whilst the golden Angels did attend him)
What swarms of friends, and kindred did befrend
Perswading him, that giue, & spend, & lend, (him
Were vertues which on Gentry doe depend.
When such a fellow false to misery,
I see forsaken and in beggery,
Then for some worthy friends of mine *I care*.
That they by such examples would beware.
A foole is he who giues (himselfe t'impaire)
And wise is he who giues what he may spare:
But those that haue too much, and nothing giue,
Are slaues of Hell, and pittie t'is they liue.




Taylors Motto.

But as the prodigall doth vainely spend,
As though his ill sprung well-spring, ne're would
Yet in his pouerty he's better much, (end,
Then a hard hearted miserable Clutch ;
Because the Prodigall lets mony flie,
That many people gaine and get thereby.
A Prodigal's a Common-wealths man still,
To haue his wealth all common tis his will,
And when he wants, he wants what he hath not,
But misers want what they both haue, and got.
For though man from the teate hath weaned bin,
Yet still our infancy we all are in,
And frō our birth, til death our liues doth smother
All men doe liue be sucking one another.
A King with Clemency and Royalty,
Doth sucke his Subiects loue and loyalty :
But as the Sea sucks in the Riuers goods,
And Riuers backe againe, sucke in the floods,
So good Kings, and true Subiects, alwayes proue
To sucke from each, protection, feare, and loue.
All Clients whatsoe're, are Lawyers nurses,
And many times they doe sucke dry their purses,
But though the Lawyer seemes in wealth to swim,
Yet many great occasions doe sucke him.

The





Taylors Motto.

The Prodigals estate, like to a flux,
The Mercer, Draper, and the Silkman sucks :
The Taylor, Millainer, Dogs, Drabs and Dice,
Trey-trip, or Passage, or The most at thrice ;
At Irish, Tick-tack, Doublets, Draughts or Chesse,
He flings his money free with carelesse nesse :
At Nouum, Mumchance, mischance, (chuse ye
At One and thirty, or at Poore and rich, (which
Ruffe slam, Trump, nody, whisk, hole, Sant, New-
Vnto the keeping of foure Knaues he'le put (cut.
His whole estate, at Loadum, or at Gleeke
At Tickle-me quickly, he's a merry Greeke,
At Primefisto, Post and payre, Primero,
Maw, Whip-her-ginny, he's a lib'rall *Hero* ;
At My-sow pigg'd, and (Reader neuer doubt ye,
He's skil'd in all games, except) Looke about ye.
Bowles, shoue-groate, tennis, no game comes amis,
His purse a nurse for any body is ;
Caroches, Coaches, and Tobacconists,
All sorts of people freely from his fists
His vaine expences daily sucke and soake,
And he himselfe sucks onely drinke and smoake,
And thus the Prodigall, himselfe alone,
Giues suck to thousands, and himselfe sucks none.



Taylors Motto.

But for the miser, he is such an euill,
He sucks all, yet giues none suck but the Deuill:
And both of them such cursed members are,
That to be neither of them both *I care*.
Thus young, old, all estates, men, maids, & wiues,
Doe suck from one another, all their liues;
And we are neuer wean'd from sucking thus,
Vntill we dye, and then the wormes sucke vs.

I care when I *want* money where to borrow,
And when I haue it then begins new sorrow:
For the right Anagram of *woe* is *owe*.
And he's in *woe* that is in debt I know:
For as I *car'd* before to come in debt,
So being in, my *care* is out to get.
Thus being in or out, or out or in,
Where one *care* ends, another doth begin.
I *care* to keepe me from the Serieants mace,
Or from a barbrous Baylifs rough embrace:
Or from a Marshals man that mercy lacks,
That liues a cursed life by poore mens wracks,
From Serieants that are Saracens by kind,
From Baylifs that are worse then Beares in mind:
And from a Marshals monsters trap or snare,
To keepe me from such knaues as those I *care*.



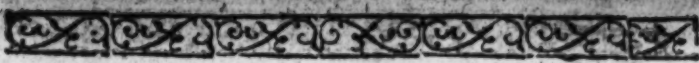
Taylors Motto.

A Pander (Hoffler-like) that walks a whore,
And for a fee, securely keeps the doore,
A Punck that will with any body doe,
And giue the pox in to the bargain too :
A rotten stinking Baud, that for her crimes,
Stewd in a sweat hath beene some fiftene times,
A Drunkard, that delights to curse and sweare,
To shun such company as those *I care*.

I care to please and serue my Masters will,
And he with *care* commands not what is ill.
I care to haue them hang'd that *carelesse* be,
Or false vnto so good a Lord as he.
I care for all Religions that are hurld
And scatter'd o're the vniuersall world :
I care to keepe that which is sound and sure,
Which euer and for euer shall endure.
I care t'auoid all Sects and errors foule
That to confusion hath drawne many a soule.
For be a man, a Heathen, Turke or Iew,
With *care* his miserable state I rue,
That he should haue sense, reason, life and limb,
Yet will not know that God that gaue them him.
And can a Christian thinke vpon these things,
But if his heart with *care* and pittie wrings?

That





Taylors Motto.

That three parts of the world, the grace doth shun
Of their Creator, and his sauing Sonne.
And as the Christians few in number be,
Yet how they in Religions disagree,
Kings, subiects, parents, children much diuided,
By hell misguided, and by Turks derided.
And can a Christian thinke how these things are,
But that his heart must be possesst with *Care*?
I would all Princes that doe Christ professe,
And hope through him for endlesse happinesse,
Their quarrels to each other to lay by,
And ioyne against the common enemy,
Who like a tempest oftentimes hath come,
Aduancing *Mahomet* in Christendome.
If Christian Kings this way would all prepare,
For such a glorious warre as this *I care*.

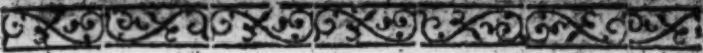
And here (for mirths sake) some few lines are
In the behalfe of me, and of my trade : (made

Some 6 or
8. lines
are old of
mine owne
but I haue
much vari-
ed them.

But honest Reader be not angry tho
They looke like verses I wrote long agoe,
But they by many men were neuer seene,
And therefore fit to publish them I weene.
I that in quiet in the dayes of yore,
Did get my living at the healtfull Oare,

And



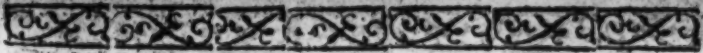


Taylors Motto.

And with content, did liue, and sweat and row,
Where like the tyde, my purse did ebbe and flow,
My fare was good, I thanke my bounteous fares,
And pleasure made me carelesse of my cares.
The wary Element most plentiful,
Supplide me daily with the Oare and Scull,
And what the water yeelded, I with mirth,
Did spend vpon the Element of earth.
Vntill at last a strange Poetique veine,
As strange a way possesse my working braine;
It chanc'd one euening, on a reedy banke,
The Muses sate together in a ranke:
Whilst in my boate I did by water wander,
Repeating lines of *Hero* and *Leander*,
The *Triple three* tooke great delight in that,
Cal'd me a shore, and caus'd me sit and chat,
And in the end when all our talke was done,
They gaue to me a draught of *Helicon*,
Which prou'd to me a blessing and a curse;
To fill my pate with verse, and empt my purse.
By their poore gift I haue experience found
What's fit to be reprou'd, and what renownd:
And that a Waterman a member is, (misse,
Which neither King nor Common-wealth can

Yet






Taylors Motto.

Yet we could well misse some that are too bad,
If better in their roomes were to be had :
But though abundance of them I could spare,
Tis onely for the honest trade *I care*.
Some say we carry whores and theeuers, tis true,
Ile carry those that sayd so for my due :
Our boates, like hackney horses, euery day,
Will carry honest men and knaues, for pay,
We haue examples for it most diuine,
The Sunne vpon both good and bad doth shine,
Vpon the dunghill and vpon the rose,
Vpon Gods seruants and vpon his foes :
The wind, the raine, the earth, all creatures still,
Indifferently doe serue both good and ill.
All tradesmen sell their ware continually,
To whores, or knaues, or any that will buy.
They ne're examine people what they are,
No more can we, when we transport a faire,
 Sapho a Poetresse, a Lady fam'd,
Did wed a Waterman was *Phaon* nam'd :
Egypt Kings (with Oares) as histories doe show,
King *Edgar* to's Parliament did row.
And when the waters all the world o're ran,
Old *Noah* was the onely waterman.

Shall Gods
gifts bee
common
to good &
bad, and
our boats
be priuate
onely to
the good?



Taylors Motto.


I care what quantity of this same stuffe
I write, for I may doe much, or not enuffe,
To end it therefore I will haue a *Care*,
And shew the Watermans brieft * Character.
First, though he be not of the female kind,
Yet he's most like vnto a Whore I find:
For both, the more vnready that they be,
Both are most ready for their trade we see,
The Watermen in shirts, and Whores in *smocks*,
Both ship and fall to worke, to increase their stocks.
Besides, a *Waterman* is much ingratefull,
(And yet is his ingratitude not hatefull)
For (vnder God) the Riuer *Thamesis*,
His chiefeft friend, and best maintainer is,
It feeds and fills him, giues him dayly treasure,
And he (to crosse that *Friend*) takes paines with
Mine own vnkindnes I haue oft exprest, (pleasure
For when I crost it most, it pleas'd me best.
And as an Hypocrite speakes fairest when
He most deceiues, so we poore Watermen,
Goe backward when we doe goe forward still,
And forward, we goe backward with good will.
Thus looking one way, and another rowing, (ing
With forward backward, backward forward go-

* The cha-
racter of a
Watermā.

Thames a
waterman's
best friend,
whom hee
delights to
crosse:

To





Taylors Motto.

To get my liuing I haue thought it meet,
Much like a Weauer with both hands and feet,
Or like a Ropemaker, I in my trade
Haue many hundred times run retrograde;
But though the Ropemaker doe backward goe,
Yet is his worke before his face we know;
And all the voyages I vndertake
My businesse still hath bin behind my backe.
But (in a word) let things be as they are,
Those whom I carry, to land safe, *I care.*

When I doe stand my labour to apply
I neither vse to call, or yall, or cry,
Or thrust, or shoue, or rake, or hale, or pull
The Gentleman, or gentleman-like Gull, }
A mayd, a wife, a widow, or a trull. }
Be he the greatest swearer on the earth,
Or the most dang'rous theefe that ere had birth,
Be he or they as bad, or worse, or worst,
Then any that of God or man are curst:
Yet (if it be their lots to be my fare)
To carry them and land them well *I care,*
For why? should I through carelesse negligence,
Drowne but a Rascall by improuidence,
In me it were an action most vntrue,

For

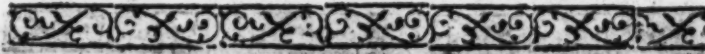





Taylors Motto.

For robbing of the hangman of his due.
And be a veluet villaine ne're so braue,
A siluer, silken, or a Satin slaue:
And that I know, and doe esteeme him so,
Yet with great *care* his Rogueship will I row,
Because I would not wrong the curteous Riuer,
With the base corps of such a wicked liuer;
I haue a care to looke about me round,
That he may liue and hang, and not be drownd.
I take great *care* how I might *Cares* auoid,
And to that end I haue my *Cares* imploid:
For long a goe I doe remember that
There was a Prouerb, *Care* will kill a *Cat*.
And it is sayd a *Cat*'s a wondrous beast,
And that she hath in her nine liues at least,
And sure if any *Cat* this *care* could shun,
It was the famous *Cat* of *Whittington*,
For whom was giu'n a ship rich fraught with ware
And for a lucky Pusse like that *I care*.
But if *Care* of such potent power be,
To kill nine liues, it may kill one in me;
And therefore it behoues me to beware,
That though *I care*, not to be kild with *care*.
I care, and in my *care* take great delight,

(When





Taylors Motto.

(When by a Watch I doe passe late at night)
Such answers to the Constable to shape,
As by good words I may the Compter scape.

My serious Cares and Considerations.

T'Is said the age of man is seuentie yeares,
If eighty, it is full of grieve and *Cares*,
And if we of our time account should keepe,
How halfe our liues we doe consume in sleepe,
And for the waking halfe, account that too,
How little seruice to our God we doe :
For till seuen yeares be past and gone away,
We are vncapable to doe or pray.
Our * *Adolescency* till our manly growth,
We wast in vanitie and tricks of youth,
And as we trauell to our iorneyes end,
The more we liue the more we doe offend.
In sixty yeares three thousand Sabbaths be,
Which are some eight yeares in account we see,
But of those Sundayes let vs thinke agen,
How little seruice God hath had of men,
And to the holiest man it will appeare,
About one hundred houres in a yeare.

* Strange
Eloquence

And





Taylors Motto.

And so in threescore yeares God hath not one,
Wherein his seruice we attend vpon.
And if that (lesse thē one) t'account were brought,
How many a nap, and many a wauering thought,
And wandring fancies doe vs round beset,
(That many times the text we doe forget?)
Thinke but of this, and then the yeare before
Must be abated halfe, or somewhat more.
Thus many a Christian sixty yeares hath trod
The earth, and not sixe months hath seru'd his
When we our liues vnequally thus share, (God,
In thinking of it, I am full of *care*.

I care in all my actions so to liue,
That no occasion of offence I giue
To any man, with either pen or tongue,
In name, or fame, or goods, to doe them wrong.
For he's the greatest murderer aliue,
That doth a man of his good name depriue
With base columnious slanders and false lies,
Tis the worst villainy of villanes :
To blast a good mans name with scandals breath,
Makes his dishonor long suruiue his death :
For Infamie's a colour dyde in graine,
Which scarce obliuion can wash out againe.

E

As






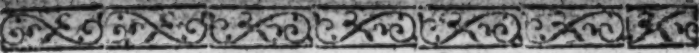
Taylors Motto.

As nothing's dearer then a mans good name,
So nothing wounds more deeper then defame.
Nature gaue man a paire of eares and eyes,
And but one tongue, which certainly implies,
That though our sight and hearing still is free,
Yet must we not speake all we heare or see,
Then he's a Viper that doth lyes inuent,
To worke thereby anothers detriment,
'Tis sinne to slander a notorious Knaue,
But sinne and shame a good man to depraue :
Thus good or bad, or whatsoe're they are,
To doe to neither of them wrong *I care.*

I care to get good Bookes, and I take heed,
And *care* what I doe either write or read: (spite
Though some through ignorance, & some throug
Haue said that I can neither read nor write.
But though my lines no scholership proclaime,
Yet I at learning haue a kind of ayme.
And I haue gatherd much good obseruations,
From many humane and diuine translations.
I was well entred (forty Winters since)
As farre as *possum* in my *Accidence* ;
And reading but from *possum* to *posset*,
There I was mir'de, and could no further get,

Which





Taylors Motto.

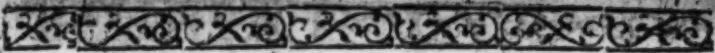
Which when I thinke vpon (with mind deiected)
I care to thinke how learning I neglected.

The Poet * *Quid*, (or *Ouid* if you will)
Being in English, much hath helpt my skill:
And *Homer* too, and *Virgil* I haue seene,
And reading them I haue much better'd beene.
Godfrey of Bulloigne, well by *Fairfax* done,
Du Bartas, that much loue hath rightly wonne:
Old *Chaucer*, *Sidney*, *Spencer*, *Daniel*, *Ness*,
I dip't my finger where they vt'd to wash.
As I haue read these Poets, I haue noted
Much good, which in my memory is quoted.

Of Histories I haue perus'd some store,
As no man of my function hath done more.
The *Golden legend*, I did ouer toss;
And found the *Gold* mixt with a deale of drosse.
I haue read *Plutarchs Morals* and his *Lines*,
And like a Bee, suckt *Hony* from those *Hiu*es.
Iosephus of the *Iewes*, *Knowles* of the *Turks*,
Marcus Aurelius, and *Guevara's* works:
Lloyd, *Grimstone*, *Montaigne*, and *Suetonius*,
Agrippa, (whom some call *Cornelius*.)
Graue Seneca, and *Cambden*, *Purchas*, *Speed*,
Old *Monumentall Fox*, and *Hollinhead*:

* Bookes
that I haue
read of
Poets.

Part of the
Bookes of
History
that I haue
read.



Taylors Motto.

And that sole Booke of Bookes which God hath
(The blest eternall Testaments of heauen) (giuen
That I haue read, and I with *care* confesse,
My selfe vnworthy of such happinesse.
And many more good Bookes I haue with *care*
Lookt on their goods, and neuer stole their ware,
For no booke to my hands could euer come,
If it were but the treatise of *Tom Thumb*,
Or *Scoggins Iests*, or any simple play,
Or monstrous newes came Trundling in my way.
All these, and ten times more, some good, some bad
I haue from them much obseruation had.
And so with *care* and study I haue writ
These bookes, the issue of a barren wit.
The most of them are verse, but I suppose
It is much ease to name them here in prose.


The names of many of the bookes that I haue written.

First, the
Sculler.

Vpon *Coriat* three merry bookes, called,
Odcombs complaint,
Coriats resurrection, and
Laugh and be fat.

The





Taylors Motto.

The nipping or snipping of Abuses.
Two mad things against Fenor.
Taylors Vrania.
The marriage of the Princesse.
An Elegy on Prince Henry.
Two bookes of all the Kings of England.
Three weekes, three dayes, and three heures
obseruations in Germany.
Trauels to Scotland.
Trauels to Prague in Bohemia.
An Englishmans loue to Bohemia.
The Bible in verse.
The Booke of Martyrs in verse.
The praise of Hempseed.
A kicksy winsy.
The great O Toole.
Iack a Lent.
The praise of Beggery.
Taylors Goose.
Faire and foule weather.
The life and death of the Virgin Mary.

Taylors Motto.

The Whip of Pride.

* I was
much be-
holding to
this Empe-
rors name
to make vp
the mee-
ter:

*And lastly (since the reigne of th' Emperour * OTTO)*
Was neuer scene the like of TAYLORS MOTTO.

All these, and some which I haue quite forgot,
With *care* (as is aforesaid) I haue wrote.

I care how to conclude this *carefull* straine:
In *care* I *care* how to get out againe:
I care for food and lodging, fire and rayment,
And (what I owe) I *care* to make good payment.
But most of all, I *care*, and will endeuor
To liue so *carefull* that I may liue euer.

Thus without wronging any man a ior,
I shew I haue what euery man hath not:
My *wants* are such, that I forgive them free,
That would but steale the most of them from me.
My *cares* are many, as I here expresse,
Poore cousin Germans vnto carelesse-nesse.
I haue a knowledge some men will read this,
I want the knowledge how their liking is.
I *care* in all that I herein haue pend,
To please the good, and shew the bad to mend.
And those that will not thus be satisfide,

Taylors Motto.

I haue a spirit that doth them deride.
I flattery want mens likings to obtaine,
I care to loue those that loue me againe.
Thus be mens iudgements steady or vnsteady
To like my Booke, the *care* is tane already.
The Proverb saye, that hast makes (often) wast,
Then what is wast, impute it to my hast:
This Booke was written (not that here I boast)
Put houres together, in three dayes at most:
And giue me but my breakfast, Ile maintaine,
To write another ere I eate againe.
But well or ill, or howsoe're tis pen'd,
Lik't as you list, and so I make an

E N D.



